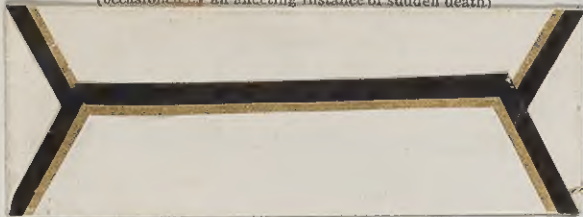


(Printed for private circulation.)

VERSES.

(occasioned by an affecting instance of sudden death)



Thou didst not sink by slow decay,
Like some who live the longest;
But every tie was wrench'd away
Just when those ties were strongest.

2

A lot like thine may justly make
The sanguine doubt to-morrow:
And in the hearts of others, wake
Alternate fear and sorrow.

3

Well may we *fear*; for who can think
On thee so lately living,
Loving and lov'd, and yet not shrink
With somewhat of misgiving?

4

Well may we *mourn*; for cold indeed,
As thou since death has found thee,
Must be the heart that does not bleed
For thee and those around thee.

5

* * * * *

6

How much was done in hours so few!
Hopes wither'd, hearts divided;
Joys, griefs, loves, fears, and feelings too,
Stern Death at once decided.

7

With thee 'tis over! There are some,
Who in mute consternation
Fearfully shrink from hours to come
Of heartfelt desolation.

8

While the dark tempest's terrors *last*
We *guess* at evils round us;
The clouds disperse, we stand aghast,
Its ravages confound us.

9

The thunder's roar, the lightning's gleam,
Might seem a *vision* only;
But when we *know* we *do not dream*,
The stillness! Oh, how lonely!

10

One hope in such an hour is left,
And may this hour reveal it;
He who hath thus of bliss bereft
The heart, has power to heal it.

11

Our dearest hopes He would not crush,
And pass unheeding by them;
Nor bid our eyes with sorrows gush,
Unless his Love could dry them.

12

A bruised reed He will not break;
But hearts that bow before him,
Shall own his Mercy while they ache,
And gratefully adore Him!

BERNARD BARTON.

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